

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 3/16 wide for single column, and 4 5/16 for double column. The lines must come within these measurements.

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 50 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.
7. "Whatever you say—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Allied Children.

English children over sea,
Boys and girls who talk like me,
Who give up butter, candy, meat,
And bare their heads to the sea,
So that Belgian babies may
Not go hungry every day,
We will save and offer, too,
And show what Yankee kids can do!

Little boys and girls of France!
Once you liked to sing and dance,
Laugh and chatter all the day,
Just as we do at our play.
There are tears now in your eyes!
We will be your true allies,
Even as your fathers are,
Love shall reach you from afar!

Polish boys with flaxen curls,
Dark-eyed and Italian girls,
Starved Armenian, Serbian, Greek—
Everywhere the sufferers speak!
Children stretch their little hands,
Hungry, homeless, cold and sad,
Oh, how it will make us glad,
To remember we have done
Something kind for even one!

And when Right has conquered Wrong,
Freedom to one clan belong,
We children shall have helped to make
A freer world, for kindness' sake!
—Abbie Farwell Brown, in the Kansas City Star.

A Little Patriot.

Little Lucy Robinson,
Knitting for our boys,
She knits most every afternoon,
Instead of playing with her toys.

She's made six pairs of worsted socks,
Although her sister helped to perl,
I really think that's quite a lot,
For just a seven-year-old girl!

She made a scarf for her father,
Who's now in the Medical Corps,
If I would work as hard as she,
America would win this war.

—Noel Halsey.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

We have begun to receive letters of bikes on the road and to the woods and the Wide-Awakes as a rule report having had fun, a swim, a fire and a lunch.

There should be something besides fun in summer walks and journeys. Every day one should see something new and think something new, and seeing quickens thinking.

If experienced observers can walk out and see sixty varieties of birds in a day, or a score of plants or a half hundred varieties of insects, it is a stupid walk which does not reveal one new thing or excite one new thought.

It is a real profitable practice where two or more stroll together to make notes of the things seen during the walk, write them out, and compare records when next you go out.

The eyes were made for use more constant than the hands and the mind should be fed as well as the stomach or the day may come when you will find you have been starved and have lost more than ever can be made up.

If the stroller resolves to see one new thing or to get one new thought every time he goes forth for pleasure, he will acquire the habit of observing and will soon see many things every time he goes forth.

The naturalist has such trained eyes that he can tell birds by their flight and insects by their movements, no matter how fast they fly, or by the surroundings of a fallen tree how long it has lain upon the earth, or by the worn rocks beside a stream how many thousand years the water has run there or by a knowledge of the sky when a star appears.

Sharp eyes are not a gift, but the result of using the eyes, and sharp eyes are often a protection as well as a source of increased pleasure and knowledge.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES

- 1—Catherine McVeigh, of Norwich—Bob Chester's Girl.
- 2—Roger Miner, of North Franklin—Jack Lorimer, Freshman.
- 3—Carrie A. Gelo, of Yantic—The Boy Inventors.
- 4—Lydia Dugas, of Versailles—Tom Slade at Temple Camp.
- 5—Williamine Cross, of Lisbon—The Boy Aviators.
- 6—Katie Bobeck, of Columbia—A Thrift Stamp.
- 7—Anna Gayeski, of Colchester—A Thrift Stamp.
- 8—Laurence Gauthier, of Brooklyn—The Boy Scouts on the Trail.

The winners of prize books in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 2 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Elly D. Zembé of Norwich—I thank you very much for the Thrift Stamp you sent me. I will try to earn another.

Bertrand Barway of Sterling—have received the prize book and have

anyone was coming. They ate and ate until they had eaten all the corn, then they flew to the roof and stayed there until the next morning. I awoke and found them perched on a beam in the wood shed. I told papa to take a box and nail the top tightly and divide it into two equal parts and then cut two round holes big enough for them to get in and nail it on the shed. This was to be their home.

Last week my cousin came to visit us, and we took a ladder to peep in and see if there was straw enough to keep them warm. When he reached the top he asked me to guess what was in the box, but I could not guess. He told me that hidden in a little of the straw were two small, white and blue pigeons. He did not touch them, but put the ladder away and just then the mother flew into the box.

I took good care of them for every morning their food was ready on the ground near the steps of the shed. We were surprised one sunny day when we saw four pigeons eating their breakfast on the ground. They are not afraid, but will stay in the same place as long as they are fed. All the Wide-Awake children to be kind to dumb animals.

CARRIE ALICE GELU.

Yantic.

Disobedient Jennie.

When my mother was a little girl her mother let her play all day with her friends, except one. Her name was Jennie.

Jennie was a pretty little girl with long, black curls, and dark skin. Her parents were foreigners and also very dark.

Although Jennie was pretty she was not good. She would never mind her mother, and always told lies.

When she was ten years old her mother died. Poor Jennie was then left alone in the world as her father had died long before.

Jennie was sorry, but it was too late. Dear Wide-Awakes, whatever you do, always obey your parents.

ELIZABETH SIMMONS.

South Windham.

My Busy Year.

Monday night, once a month, I go to the Junior Chautauqua. It is held in our School Hall.

Miss Powell is our leader. She tells us good stories and shows us good games to play. Each one of the Chautauquas were supposed to earn \$0.10 for the Red Cross. We got \$4.11.

I go to the Story Hour Thursday night.

We had a candy-party for our Halloween party, and popcorn balls for our Thanksgiving party.

I go to the Sewing class Saturday, and to the Junior League, Sunday, and once in a month I go to the King's Herald.

ZELPHA CODDING, Age 9.

Danielson.

Graduation in Columbia.

On Thursday evening, June 6th, 1918, the children from the six school districts assembled at the Congregational church for graduation.

The program was as follows:

March, Star Spangled Banner, chorus.

Prayer, Rev. T. Newton Owen.

Recitation, The Recessional, Hyman Kaplan.

Essay, Russia, Samuel Kaplan.

Recitation, When Thomas Takes His Pen, Eleanor Frost.

Land of My Heart, chorus.

Recitation, Our National Flag, Clara Holbrook.

Essay, How May the Stay-at-Home Enlist in the War, Gertrude Phillips.

Recitation, The Answer of America, David Kahlenberg.

Recitation, Oh, of All the Plans, Alvin Greene.

Three Cheers for Your Uncle Sam, chorus.

Essay, Red Cross History, Mary Bobeck.

Recitation, Flowers, Emma Kohler.

Recitation, The Sign of Stars, Blanche Foster.

Recitation, Barbara Fritchie, Viola Greene.

Loyalty to the World Today, chorus.

Demonstration lessons.

Address.

Presentation of diplomas, Clayton Hunt.

The demonstration lessons were given by Fernon teachers.

It was a most successful day, and other a silent reading lesson, and so on.

The graduate from the Center was Eleanor Frost, from Hop River village, Gertrude Phillips; from Pine street, Clara Holbrook; from Chestnut Hill, Hyman and Samuel Kaplan, and from Old Hope River, Mary Bobeck.

Enla Greene, Emma Kohler, Blanche Foster, Alvin Greene and David Kahlenberg.

KATIE BOBECK, Age 10.

Columbia.

Samuel Crompton.

Samuel Crompton lived with his widowed mother and crippled uncle in a mansion at the end of the village. When he was strong enough he learned to weave so as to earn his daily bread.

The difficulties of the work fascinated him. He dreamed and planned how to overcome them. The greatest difficulty was the breaking of the threads. Every two or three minutes he had to piece the ends together.

He experimented in making a spinning machine for five years. At last he succeeded. It spun a finer, stronger yarn than could be spun by hand.

Samuel spent all his time spinning. The effect of this was most of the weavers came to buy the yarn from his machine. He was able to settle in Crompton's house to see the machine. In the world the people ought to know the best methods.

It needed a strong power to settle the difficulties and guarantee Crompton a reward, and to the other spinners means of earning their living and the world the advantage of better cloth.

A strong central government should issue a patent.

Patents in those days were expensive. The king had authority to give the patent. It was hard for a poor inventor to buy a patent.

Crompton was too poor to get a patent. To earn the money, he showed the machine for \$50. In 1812 parliament gave him \$5,000 for the machine. Crompton's invention belongs to the world. It is still the foundation of all modern systems of spinning. It has made the manufacturer richer and better cloth for the people.

WILHELMINE KRAUSS, Age 11.

Lisbon.

The Circus Comes to Town.

For the first time in the history of Squintville, a circus was coming to town. It would do a great deal of harm and would disturb the quietness of the town but others said that they would make a try any way. They wanted to see the curious animals that they had so often heard about.

Cy Brown and Josh Finnegan were two of the enthusiastic youths who went to the circus to see. Seeing a great elephant, Josh whispered to his friend, "Say, Cy, I bet that's what we get all our leather from."

Cy shrugged his shoulders for he did not know. Cy knew, but he said a great truth when he saw an enormous man-ape. He didn't know that the ape was chained.

They were also greatly amused when looking around they saw a baby

A HOLLOW DAY

As Georgina aged eight, and Dolly aged four, stood looking out of the upper half of the sitting-room door, which was all window, a sleighload of big boys went by. They blew on tin horns, waved flags and yelled like young Indians. Dolly liked the noise. It was January first.

"Is that what it's holler for?" asked Dolly.

"Holler what?" asked Georgina.

"Why, holler day!" exclaimed Dolly. "Don't you know papa doesn't go to the store because it's a holler-day?"

Georgina looked at her sister with an expression of great wisdom.

"O my, Dolly, you've got it very much mistaken! It isn't holler. It's holler, New Year is a holler-day."

"Is it?" said Dolly. "I wish it wasn't!"

"Why do you wish it wasn't?" asked Georgina.

"Because," said Dolly. "I thought if it was a holler the oven door was shut the way the boys did. I thought that was the reason they did."

"That's so, we could," said Georgina, half regretfully. "But it's only a holler-day."

"Well, then, what's holler?" asked Dolly.

"Why holler, it's empty—not anything in it," explained Georgina. "I suppose that's why we call New Year a holler day."

"Isn't there anything in New Year?" asked Dolly anxiously.

"Not much by itself, side of Christmas. There you have dolls and books, and games, and rings, besides the tree, and all you can do with cards, under your plates is to put them where they can't get dirty."

At that very minute Mrs. Pettitt, who was in the kitchen stuffing a turkey for dinner, and when it was ready for the oven it was not holler by any means. After the oven door was shut she went into the cellar with a big basket—a holler basket. Not many minutes later she came up with the same basket. It was not holler then.

If you had looked in you would have seen apples, turnips, potatoes, a bowl of jelly, and a big piece of beef. On the top of these things Mrs. Pettitt had a paper of cookies and crackers, and another of popped corn. Then she told Mr. Pettitt that now they were ready to take the basket and call on Mrs. Lee.

Mrs. Lee was the woman who washed only once a week, and who was five little children, and she had to do a good many washings to take care of them. The Lee family were black, as black as the Pettitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettitt, with Georgina and Dolly, rode up to Mrs. Lee's while the turkey was cooking. They all went in. The basket went in too, and perhaps the Lees were glad to see that than the four who brought it.

They were glad to see the four, too!

Mrs. Pettitt was attracted to one child more than to the rest. It was Clarence, and he had the brightest smile you can imagine. Mrs. Pettitt talked to him and his mother was so pleased she asked him to "dance for the lady."

The audience was highly pleased. Mr. Pettitt found five cents for the dance, and five for each of the other children. They all save their money to their mother to put in the bank. The bank was a rickety tin elephant on the clock shelf, but it could hold all the riches the Lees could save.

"I'm dretful thankful," said Mrs. Lee as the Pettitts were going. "I wish I could be before you come. The baby fell out the high chair three or four days ago, and is 'ad a misery in 'is' ever sense, and the med'sin cos' a good deal!"

"I wish I could be before you come," said Mrs. Pettitt. "I wish I could be before you come. The baby fell out the high chair three or four days ago, and is 'ad a misery in 'is' ever sense, and the med'sin cos' a good deal!"

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UNCLE SAM'S HELPER, by George Morse of Norwich.

them, but they were too quick for him and ran home.

I can find so many things I have never seen and nature is so wonderful up here. The woods are so thick and deep and full of different flowers. I have sent some back to my school. The boys and girls are so kind and helpful. The lady slippers are so big and handsome.

The sassafras in these deep woods is fine. I cleaned it and scraped the bark off but have not decided whether to make sassafras tea which is good for the blood, or after it dries, to sugar it.

DOROTHY BLACK, Age 11.

Stafford Springs.

A Kind Boy.

Dear Uncle Jed: One stormy afternoon when Harry was coming home from school he was hurrying for he had no umbrella. He saw a little kitten which he held up to his face as if in great pain. Harry went across the street, but not wanting to get wet he picked the kitten up and carried it home.

When he got home he saw a little tick in the kitten's paw. Taking it out he put the pussy down near the fire to warm its fur, then gave it a saucer of milk and the cat went to sleep.

The next day on his way to school a lady inquired about the pussy. Harry brought it to her and she thanked him very much and told him he was a kind boy.

CATHERINE McVEIGH, Age 9.

Norwich.

Be True.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about my school. I go to the Laurel Hill school. I am in the third grade. We do arithmetic and spelling and singing, geography, reading and penmanship. I like singing and geography the best. When school is over we have good times skating, sliding and playing in the snow.

Here is a little poem for your boys and girls. It is called "The Bird's Song."

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you
And this is the word, "Be true! Be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true! Be true! and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word you see,
'Tis the very same: "Be true! Be true!"
For the truth is the sun,
And the false is the night,
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

SUSANNAH HARGREAVES, Age 8.

Norwich.

Annette's Rabbits.

Dear Uncle Jed: One year I was wishing for a pet of some kind, and my mother hearing me say it so many times, thought she would surprise me by giving me one on my birthday.

In the year 1911, on July 16th, my birthday, I had a great party. One present which I received was what I had wished for. It was a pair of small rabbits.

This cunning little pair was born in November and was taken from their dear mother when they were only three weeks old, and then given to me.

One was black and white with three feet, so I named her White Feet. She had white all around her neck as though she were a white rabbit. She was not very large, but looked very cunning. I had her so tame she would come up to me and jump in my lap.

If I had anything in my hand to eat she would sit up and paw at it. She would sit up and paw at it. She would sit up and paw at it. She would sit up and paw at it.

I was very fond of this pretty pair, and was never tired of playing with them. I always fed them well and gave them a good place to sleep. They were never abused by anyone in the house. I will never harm them and never did yet.

ANNETTE CHABAUD.

My Bit.

Dear Uncle Jed: Perhaps you would like to know how I help towards winning the war. In the morning I lift dishes and in that way save a load of coal every day. Every week I sell papers and buy thrift stamps. In this way I do my little bit for the United States.

MAURICE BUCKLEY, Age 9.

Norwich.

Her New School.

Dear Uncle Jed: The new school I go to is fine. I like it. I have just got acquainted with the children. I will tell you just a few of the names of the girls: Ruth, Olive, Barbara, Avis. This is all the names I am going to tell you. I will write again.

LOIS HOLMAN, Age 8.

Willimantic.

The Wise Man of Gotham.

Dear Uncle Jed: News came to Gotham before the war broke out. It was supposed to pass. The people did not like it because if he saw anything